AN

ESSAY

ON

Tranſlated VERSE.

Dillon [Wentworth] Earl of Roscommon.

BY THE

EARL of ROSCOMON.

—Fungar vice Cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet Exſors ipſa ſecandi.

Hor. de Art. Poet.

Cape Dona Extrema Tuorum. V. 3. Æ.

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JAN

TO THE

Earl of *ROSCOMON*,

On his Excellent

ESSAY

ON

Tranſlated VERSE.

WHether the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrian* Shore,
The ſeeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,
'Tis ſure the noble Plant tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its head in *Grecian* Gardens nurſt.
The *Grecians* added Verſe, their tuneful Tongue
Made Nature firſt, and Nature's God their Song.
Nor ſtopt Tranſlation here: For conquering *Rome*
With *Grecian* Spoils, brought *Grecian* Numbers home;
Enrich'd by thoſe *Athenian* Muſes more,
Than all the vanquiſh'd World cou'd yield before.
'Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous Times
Debas'd the Majeſty of Verſe to Rhimes;
Thoſe rude at firſt: a kind of hobbling Proſe:
That limp'd along, and tinc'd in the cloſe:
But *Italy* reviving from the Trance
Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkiſh* ignorance,
With pauſes, cadence, and well vowell'd words,
And all the Graces a good Ear affords,
Made Rhyme an Art, and *Dante*'s poliſh'd page
Reſtor'd a ſilver, not a golden Age:

Then *Petarch* follow'd, and in him we ſee,
What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be;
At beſt a pleaſing ſound, and fair barbarity:
The *French* purſu'd their ſteps; and *Britain*, laſt
In Manly ſweetneſs all the reſt ſurpaſs'd.
The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*
Appear exalted in the *Britiſh* Loome;
The Muſes Empire is reſtor'd agen,
In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roſcommon*'s Pen.
Yet modeſtly he does his work ſurvey,
And calls a finiſh'd Poem an *ESSAY*;
For all the needful Rules are ſcatter'd here;
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere;
(So well is Art diſguis'd, for Nature to appear)
Nor need thoſe Rules to give Tranſlation light;
His own Example is a Flame ſo bright;
That he, who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd ſuch Rules ordain;
Or his own *Virgil* ſing a nobler ſtrain.
How much in him may riſing *Ireland* boaſt,
How much in gaining him has *Britain* loſt!
Their Iſland in revenge has ours reclaim'd,
The more inſtructed we, the more we ſtill are ſham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous Blood did flow
Deriv'd from *Britiſh* Channels long ago,
That here his Conquering Anceſtors were nurſt;
And *Ireland* but tranſlated *England* firſt:
By this Repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending Nations fight,
A nobler quarrel for his Native Earth,
Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer*'s Birth.
To what perfection will our Tongue arrive,
How will Invention and Tranſlation thrive
When Authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not diſdain th' inglorious praiſe of Art!
Great Generals thus deſcending from Command,
With their own toil provoke the Soldiers hand.

How will ſweet *Ovid*'s Ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His Fame augmented by an *Engliſh* Peer, *
How he embelliſhes his *Helen*'s loves,
Out does his ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves?
When theſe tranſlate, and teach Tranſlators too;
Nor Firſtling Kid, nor any vulgar vow
Shou'd at *Apollo*'s grateful Altar ſtand;
Roſcomon writes, to that auſpicious hand,
Muſe feed the Bull that ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Roſcomon, whom both Court and Camps commend,
True to his Prince, and faithful to his Friend;
Roſcomon firſt in Fields of Honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown;
Who both *Minerva*'s juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,
Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,
On equal terms of ancient Wit ingage,
Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor ſacred *Virgil*'s page:
Our *Engliſh* Palace opens wide in ſtate;
And without ſtooping they may paſs the Gate.

---

* *The Earl of* Mulgrave.

John Dryden.

AN ESSAY ON Translated VERSE.

HAppy that *Author*, whose correct *Essay*,
Repairs so well our old *Horatian* way;
And happy you, who by propitious Fate
On great *Apollo*'s Sacred *Standard* wait.
And with *strict Discipline* instructed right,
Have learnt to use your *Arms* before you *fight*.
But since the *Press*, the *Pulpit* and the *Stage*
Conspire to *censure*, and *expose* the *Age*;
Provok'd too far we resolutely must
To the few *Virtues* that we have be just.
For who have *long'd*, or who have labour'd more
To search the *Treasures* of the *Roman Store*,
Or dig in *Græcian Mines* for *purer Oar*?
The *noblest Fruits* transplanted in our Isle,
With early *Hope*, *and Frageant Blossoms* smile.
Familiar *Ovid tender Thoughts* inspires,
And *Nature* seconds all his *soft Desires*;
Theocritus does now to us belong,
And *Albion's Rocks* repeat his *rural Song*.
Who hath not heard how *Italy* was blest,
Above the Mede, above the wealthy East?
Or *Gallus Song*, so *tender* and so *true*,
As ev'n *Lycoris* might with *Pity* view.
When mourning *Nymphs* attend their *Daphnes*'s Herse,
Who doth not weep, that reads the moving Verse.
But hear, O hear, in what *exalted Strains*
Scicilian Muses thro' these *happy Plains*,
Proclaim Saturnian Times, our own *Apollo* reigns?

When

When *France* had breath'd after inteſtine Broils,
And *Peace* and *Conqueſt* crown'd her Foreign Toils,
There (*cultivated* by a *Royal Hand*)
Learning grew faſt, and ſpread, and bleſt the *Land*;
The choiceſt Books that *Rome* and *Greece* have known,
Her excellent *Tranſlators* made her own,
And *Europe* ſtill *conſiderably* gains,
Both by their good *Example* and their *Pains*.
From hence our generous Emulation came,
We *undertook*, and we *perform'd* the ſame:
But now we ſhew the World a nobler way,
And in *Tranſlated Verſe* do more then they.
Serene and *clear harmonious* Horace *flows*,
With *Sweetneſs* not to be expreſt in *Proſe*.
Degrading Proſe explains his *meaning ill*,
And *ſhews* the *Stuff* but not the Workman's *Skill*.
I who have ſerv'd him more than Twenty years,
Scarce know my *Maſter* as he there appears.
Vain are our *Neighbours hopes*, and vain their Cares,
The fault is more the *Languages* then theirs.
'Tis *courtly florid*, and *abounds in Words*,
Of ſofter *ſound* than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in *French Authors* ſee
The comprehenſive *Engliſh* Energy?
The *weighty Bullion* of one Sterling Line,
Drawn in *French* Wire would thro' whole *Pages* ſhine.
I ſpeak my *private* but *impartial* Senſe,
With *Freedom*, and I hope without *Offence*;
For I'll recant, when *France* can ſhew me *Wit*,
As *ſtrong* as ours, and as *ſuccinctly writ*.
'Tis true Compoſing is the *Nobler Part*,
But good *Tranſlating* is no *eaſy Art*:
For tho' *Materials* have long ſince been found,
Yet both your *Fancy* and your Heads are bound.
And by *improving* what was writ before,
Invention labours leſs, but *Judgment* more.
The Soil intended for *Pierian Seeds*,
Muſt be well purg'd from rank *Pedantick Weeds*,

Apollo ſtarts, and all *Parnaſſus ſhakes*,
At the *rude rumbling Baralipton makes*.
For none have been with *Admiration* read,
But who beſide their *Learning* were well bred.
The firſt *great work* (A Task *perform'd* by few)
Is that your *ſelf* may to your *ſelf* be true:
No *Maſque*, no *Tricks*, no *Favour*, no *Reſerve*;
Diſſect your *Mind*, examine ev'ry *Nerve*.
Whoever *vainly* on his *Strength* depends,
Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mævius* ends.
That *Wretch* (in ſpite of his *forgotten Rhymes*)
Condemn'd to live in all *ſucceeding times*;
With *pompous Nonſenſe*, and a *bellowing Sound*,
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the *Ground*.
And (if my *Muſe* can thro' *paſt Ages* ſee)
That *nauſeous noiſy*, *gaping Fool* was he.
Exploded when with *univerſal Scorn*,
The *Mountains* labour'd, and a *Mouſe* was born.
Learn, *learn Gotona's brawny wreſtler cry's*,
Audacious Mortals, and be *timely wiſe!*
'Tis I that call, *remember Millo's* end,
Wedg'd in that *Timber* which he ſtrove to rend.
Each *Poet* with a *different Talent* writes,
One *Praiſes*, one *Inſtructs*, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aſpire to *Epick Bays*,
Nor lofty *Maro* ſtoop to *Lyrick Lays*,
Examine how your *Humour* is inclin'd,
And which the *Ruling Paſſion* of your Mind;
Then, ſeek a *Poet* who *your* way do's bend,
And chuſe an *Author* as you chuſe a *Friend*.
United by this *Sympathetick Bond*,
You grow *Familiar*, *Intimate* and *Fond*;
Your *thoughts*, your *Words*, your *Stiles*, your *Souls* agree,
No longer his *Interpreter* but *He*.
With how much eaſe is a *young Muſe betray'd*,
How *nice* the *Reputation* of the *Maid!*
Your *early kind*, *paternal* care appears,
By *chaſte Inſtruction* of her *Tender Years*.

The

The *first Impression* in her *Infant* Breaſt
Will be the *deepeſt*, and ſhould be the beſt.
Let no Auſterity breed ſervile *Fear*,
No *wanton* Sound offend her *Virgin-Ear*.
Secure from *fooliſh Pride's affected ſtate*,
And *ſpecious Flattery's more pernicious Bait*,
Habitual Innocence adorns her *Thoughts*,
But your neglect muſt anſwer for her *Faults*.
Immodeſt words admit of no defence;
For want of *Decency*, is want of *Senſe*.
What mod'rate *Fop* would rake the *Park*, or *Stews*,
Who among Troops of *faultleſs Nymphs* may chuſe?
Variety of *ſuch* is to be found;
Take then a Subject *proper* to expound:
But *Moral*, *Great*, and worth a *Poet's Voice*,
For Men of *ſenſe deſpiſe a trivial Choice*:
And ſuch *Applauſe* it muſt expect to meet,
As wou'd ſome Painter, buſie in a Street,
To Copy *Bulls* and *Bears*, and ev'ry *Sign*
That calls the *ſtaring Sots* to *naſty wine*.
Yet 'tis not all to have a Subject *Good*,
It muſt *delight* us when 'tis *underſtood*.
He that brings *fulſome Objects* to my view,
(As many *Old* have done, and many *New*)
With *nauſeous Images* my Fancy fills,
And all, goes down like *Oxymel* of *Squils*.
Inſtruct the liſt'ning World how *Maro* ſings
Of *uſeful Subjects*, and of *lofty Things*.
Theſe will ſuch true, ſuch bright *Idea's* raiſe,
As merit *Gratitude*, as well as *Praiſe*.
But *foul Deſcriptions* are *offenſive* ſtill,
Either for being *Like*, or being *Ill*.
For who, without a *Qualm*, hath ever lookt,
On *Holy Garbage*, tho by *Homer Cookt*?
VVhoſe *Rayling Heroes*, and whoſe *wounded Gods*,
Make ſome ſuſpect, he *Snores*, as well as *Nods*.
But I offend——*Virgil* begins to *frown*,
And *Horace* looks with *Indignation* down;

My blushing Muse with *Conscious fear* retires,
And whom *They like*, *Implicitly Admires*.
On *sure Foundations* let your *Fabrick Rise*,
And with attractive *Majesty* surprise,
Not by affected, *meritorious Arts*,
But strict *harmonious Sympetry* of *Parts*.
Which through the whole, insensibly must pass,
With vital Heat to animate the Mass.
A *pure*, an *Active*, an *Auspicious flame*,
And *bright* as *Heav'n*, from which the *Blessing* came;
But few, oh few, Souls, prædordain'd by *Fate*,
The Race of *Gods*, have reach'd that *envy'd Height*.
No Rebel *Titans* sacrilegious *Crime*,
By *heapning* Hills on Hills can thither *climb*.
The *Greisly* Ferry-man of *Hell deny'd*
Æneas entrance till he knew his *Guide*;
How justly then will *impious Mortals* fall,
Whose *Pride* would soar to *Heaven* without a call?
Pride (of all others the most *dangerous fault*;)
Proceeds from want of *Sense*, or want of *Thought*.
The *Men* who *labour* and *digest things most*,
Will much apter to *despond* then *boast*.
For if your *Author* be *profoundly good*,
Will cost you dear before he's *understood*.
How many *Ages* since has *Virgil* writ?
How few are they who *understood* him yet?
Approach his *Altars* with *Religious fear*,
No *vulgar Deity* inhabits *there*;
Heav'n shakes not more at *Jove's Imperial Nod*,
Then *Poets* should before *their Mantuan God*.
Hail mighty *Maro!* may thy *Sacred Name*,
Kindle my *Breast*, with thy *cœlestial flame*;
Sublime Ideas, and *apt words* infuse,
The Muse instruct my Voice, and thou *inspire my Muse*.
What I have *instanc'd* only in the *best*,
Is in *Proportion* true of all the rest.
Take *Pains* the genuine *meaning* to *explore*,
There *Sweat*, *there Strain*, there lug the *laborious Oar*:

Search

Search ev'ry *Comment* that your Care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the *Poet's* Mind;
Yet be not *blindly* guided by the *Throng*;
The *Multitude* is always in the *wrong*.
When *Things* appear *unnatural*, and *hard*,
Consult your *Author* with himself compar'd;
Who knows what *Bleſſing Phœbus* may beſtow,
And *future Ages* to that Labour owe?
Such *Secrets* are not eaſily *found out*;
But once *diſcover'd* leave no room for *Doubt*.
Truth *ſtamps Conviction* in the *raviſht Breaſt*,
And *Peace* and Joy attend the *glorious Gueſt*.
Truth ſtill is one, *Truth* is *divinely bright*,
No *cloudy Doubts obſcure* her *Native Light*;
While in your *Thoughts* you find the *leaſt Debate*,
You may *confound*, but never can *Tranſlate*.
Your *Stile* will this thro' all Diſguiſes ſhew,
For none *explain* more clearly than they know.
He only proves he *underſtands a Text*,
VVhoſe *Expoſition* leaves it unperplext,
They who too *faithfully* on *Names* inſiſt,
Rather create, than *diſſipate* the *Miſt*;
And grow *unjuſt* by *being* over nice,
(For Superſtitious *Virtue* turns to *Vice*)
Let *Craſſus Ghoſt*, and *Labienus* tell,
How twice in *Parthian Plains* their *Legions* fell,
Since *Rome* hath been ſo *jealous* of her *Fame*,
Few know *Pacorus* or *Monæſes Name*.
Words in one *Language elegantly us'd*,
Will hardly in *another be excus'd*:
And ſome that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæſar's* time,
May neither ſuit our *Genius*, nor our *Clime*.
The *genuine Senſe intelligibly told*,
Shews a *Tranſlator* both *Diſcreet and Bold*.
Excurſions are *inexpiably* bad,
And 'tis *much* ſafer to leave out, *than add*.
Abſtruce and *Myſtic* Thoghts you muſt expreſs,
With *painful Care*, and *ſeeming Eaſineſs*;
For *Truth* ſhines *brighteſt* thro' the *plaineſt Dreſs*. The

The *Ænean Muse*, when she *prepares in state*,
Makes all *Jove Thunder* on her *Verses wait*.
Yet *writes sometimes* as soft, and moving Things,
As Venus speaks, or *Philomela* sings.
Your *Author* always will the *best advise*,
Fall when he falls, and when he *rises rise*.
Affected noise, is the most wretched Thing,
That to *Contempt*, can empty *Scriblers* bring.
Vowels and *Accents* regularly plac'd,
On even *Syllables*, (and still the *last*.
Tho' *gross* innumerable *Faults* abound,
In spite of *Nonsence* never fail of Sound.
But this meant of *even Verse* alone,
As being most *harmonious* and most *known*.
For if you will *unequal Numbers* try,
Their *Accents* on odd Syllables must lie.
Whatever *Sister* of the *Sacred Nine*,
Does to your *Suit* a willing *Ear* incline,
Urge your *Success*, deserve a lasting Name,
She'll crown a grateful, and a *constant Flame*.
But if a wild *Uncertainty* prevail,
And turn your *vearing Heart* with ev'ry Gale,
You lose the *Fruit* of all your former Care,
For the sad *Prospect* of a sad *Despair*.
A *Quack* (too scandalously mean to Name)
Had by Man-midwifry got *Wealth* and *Fame*;
As if *Lucina* had forgot the Trade,
The *lab'ring Wife* invokes the surer Aid.
VVell *season'd Bowls*, the *Gossips Spirits* raise,
VVho while she *guzzles*, chats the *Doctor's* Praise.
And largely what she wants in *Words*, supplys.
With *Maudling Eloquence* of *trickling Eyes*.
But what a thoughtless *Animal* is *Man*,
(How very *Active* in his own *Trepan*!)
For greedy of *Physicians* frequent *Fees*,
From *Female Mellow Praise* he takes Degrees?
Struts in a new *Unlicens'd Gown* and then,
From *saving Women* falls to *Killing Men*.

Another

nother ſuch had left the *Nation Thin*,
n ſpight of all the *Children* he brought in.
lis *Pills*, as thick as *Hand Granadoes* flew,
nd where they *fell*, as certainly they *ſlew*.
lis *Name* ſtruck ev'ry where as great a *Damp*
s *Archimedes* through the *Roman Camp*.
Vith this, the *Doctors Pride* began to *Cool*,
or *Smarting ſoundly* may *convince* a Fool.
ut now *Repentance* came too late, for *Grace*;
nd meager *Famine* ſtar'd him in the Face.
ain would he to the *Wives* be reconcil'd,
ut found no *Husband* left to *own a Child*.
he *Friends*, that *got* the Brats were poyſon'd too;
n this ſad caſe what could our *Vermin* do?
Vorry'd with *Debts* and paſt all *Hope* of *Bail*,
h' unpity'd wretch lies *Rotting* in a *Jail*.
nd there with *Basket-Alms*, ſcarce kept *alive*,
hews how *Miſtaken Talents* ought to *Thrive*.
I pity, from my Soul, Unhappy Men,
ompell'd by *want* to *Proſtitute* their *Pen*;
VVho muſt, like *Lawyers* either *ſtarve* or *plead*,
nd *follow*, right or wrong, where *Guynny's lead*;
ut you, *Pompilian*, *wealthy*, *pamper'd Heirs*,
VVho to your *Country* owe your *Swords* and *Cares*.
et no vain hope your eaſie mind ſeduce,
or *Rich ill Poets* are without *Excuſe*.
'Tis very Dangerous, *Tampring* with a *Muſe*.
The *Profit's ſmall*, and you have *much* to *loſe*;
For, tho *true Wit adorns* your *Birth*, or *Place*,
Degenerate lines *degrade* th' *attainted Race*,
No Poet any *Paſſion* can Excite;
But what they feel tranſport them when they write.
Have you been led through the *Cumæan Cave*.
And heard th' Impatient Maid *Divinely Rave*?
I hear her now; I ſee her Rowling Eyes;
And panting; *Lo!* the *God*, the *God* ſhe cries;
VVith words, not *Hers* and more then *humane ſound*,
She makes th' obedient *Ghoſts* peep trembling thro the
Ground, But

But tho we *must obey* when *Heaven* Commands,
And Man in vain the *sacred Call withstands*,
Beware *what Spirit* rages in your breast.
For ten inspir'd ten thousand are possest.
Thus make the *proper use* of each *Extream*,
And *write* with *Fury*, but *correct* with *Phlegm*.
As when the Chearful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling VVine smiles in the tempting Glass,
Your *Pulse* advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling Vein a *loud retreat*.
So when a *Muse propitiously invites*
Improve her favours, and *Indulge* her flights,
But when you find that vigorous heat *abate*,
Leave off, and for *another Summons* wait.
Before the *Radiant Sun*, a *Glimmering Lamp*,
Adult'rate Metals to the *Sterling Stamp*,
Appear not *meaner*, than *mere humane Lines*,
Compar'd with those whose *Inspiration shines*;
These, *Nervous*, *bold*; *those Languid*, and *remiss*;
There, *cold salutes*, But, *here*, a *Lover's kiss*,
Thus have I seen a Rapid, head long tide,
VVith foaming VVaves the Passive *Soan* divide
VVhose Lazy VVaters without motion lay,
VVhile he, with eager force, urg'd his Impetuous way.
The *Priviledge* that ancient Poets claim
Now turn'd to *License* by too *just* a Name,
Belongs to none but an *Establisht Fame*,
VVhich *scorns* to *take* it——
Absurd Expressions, *crude*, *Abortive Thoughts*,
All the lewd *Legion* of *exploded faults*,
Base Fugitives to that *Asylum* fly,
And sacred *Laws* with *Insolence* defy.
Not thus our *Heroes* of the *former* Days,
Deserv'd and *Gain'd* their never fading *Bayes*;
For I mistake, or for the greatest part,
Of what some call *Neglect* was *study'd Art*.
VVhen *Virgil* seems to *Trifle* in a Line,
'Tis like a *Warning-piece*, which gives the *Sign*

To

To *Wake* your *Fancy*, and prepare your *Sight*,
To reach the noble Height of ſome *unuſual Flight*.
I loſe my Patience, when, with *Saucy Pride*,
By *untun'd Ears* I hear his *Numbers* try'd.
Reverſe of *Nature*! ſhall *ſuch Copies*, then
Arraign th' *Originals* of *Maro*'s Pen!
And the *rude Notions* of *Pedantick Schools*,
Blaſpheme the ſacred *Founder* of *our Rules*!
The Delicacy of the niceſt Ear
Finds nothing *harſh*, or out of *Order* there:
Sublime or *low*, *unbended* or *intenſe*,
The *ſound* is ſtill a *Comment* to the *Senſe*.
A skilful *Ear*, in *Numbers* ſhou'd preſide,
And all *Diſputes* without *Appeal* decide.
This Ancient Rome, and *Elder Athens* found,
Before *miſtaken ſtops debauch'd the ſound*.
When, by Impulſe from Heaven, *Tyrtæus* ſung,
In drooping Souldiers a new Courage ſprung.
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what *Two Generals loſt*, a *Poet gain'd*.
By ſecret influence of Indulgent Skyes,
Empire, and *Poeſy* together riſe.
True Poets are the *Guardians* of a *State*,
And when *they fail*, portend approaching *Fate*.
For that which *Rome* to *Conqueſt* did inſpire,
Was not the *Veſtal*, but the *Muſes fire*;
Heavens joyns the *Bleſſings*, no *declining* Age,
E'er felt the *Raptures* of *Poetick Rage*.
Of many faults, *Rhyme* is (perhaps) the *Cauſe*,
Too *ſtrict* to *Rhyme* we ſlight more *uſeful* Laws.
For *that*, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never *known*.
Till by *Barbarian* Deluges *o'reflown*,
Subdu'd, *Undone*, They did at laſt, *Obey*,
And change their *own* for their *Invaders* way.
I grant that from ſome *Moſſie Idol Oak*
In *Double Rhymes* our *Thor* and *Woden* ſpoke;
And by ſucceſſion of unlearned Times,
As *Bards began*, ſo *Monks rung on* the *Chimes*.

But

But now that *Phœbus* and the *ſacred Nine*,
With all their Beams on our bleſt Iſland ſhine,
Why ſhould not *We* their *ancient Rites reſtore*
And *be*, what *Rome* or *Athens* were *before*?
Have we forgot how Raphaels *Numrous Proſe*
Led our exalted Souls through heavenly Camps,
* *And mark'd the ground where proud Apoſtate Thrones*,
Defy'd Jehovah! *Here*, *'twixt Hoſt and Hoſt*,
(*A narrow but a dreadful Interval*)
Portentous fight! before the Cloudy Van,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring arm'd in Adamant and Gold.
There bellowing *Engines* with their fiery *Tubes*
Diſpers'd *ætherial Forms*, and down they fall,
By thouſands, *Angels*, on *Arch-angels* rowl'd;
Recover'd, to the Hills they ran they flew,
Which (with their *ponderous Load*, Rocks, Waters, Wood.
From their firm Seals torn by their *ſhaggy Tops*
They bore, like Shields before them thro' the Air,
'Till more *incens'd*, they hurl'd them all their *Fees*.
All was *Confuſion*, Heaven's *Foundations ſhook*,
Threatning no leſs then *univerſal wrack*.
For *Michael's Arm* main *Promontorys* flung,
And overpreſt their *Legions* weak with Sin;
Yet they *blaſpbem'd*, and *ſtruggled* as they lay,
'Till the great *Enſign* of *Meſſiah blaz'd*,
And (arm'd with *Vengeance*) God's *Victorious Son*.
(Effulgence of *Paternal Deity*)
Graſping ten *thouſand Thunders* in his hand.
Drove the old *original Rebels* headlong down,
And ſent them *flaming* to the *vaſt Abyſs*.
O may I live to hail the *glorious day*,
And ſing loud Poems thro' the crowded way,
When in *triumphant ſtate* the *Britiſh Muſe*,
True to her ſelf all *barbarous* Aid refuſe.
And in the *Roman Majeſty* appear,
Which none *know better*, and *none come ſo near*:

* *An Eſſay on blank Verſe out of the 6th Book of* Paradiſe *loſt.*

FINIS.

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